

Anon.

oooooooooooooooo

"For many centuries after Britain became an island"
 the historian says, "the untamed forest was king."
 On the matted boughs of that forest innumerable birds sang;
 but their song was only heard by a few skin clad hunters
 in the clearings. Did the desire to sing come to one
 of those savages because he heard the birds sing? ^{LW} ~~Did he~~
 rest his stone axe against a tree for a moment? ^{sub} The tree
 was felled; some sort of hut was made from its branches, and
 then by degrees, the clearing became larger; the birds
 fewer; and the human voice sang instead. The first songs
 are out of door songs; spring songs; summer songs; winter
 songs. for there was no comfort indoor, little
 light and no books. -

The eye therefore was ~~more~~ more active in the first ~~singers~~
 singers than in ourselves. And some parts of England
 can still be seen as they saw it. Now and then, by choosing
 a view carefully to shut out a chimney or a bungalow,
 we can still see a flat fen, reed whispering, waterlogged;
 or a down, covered with turf only. ^{But on} And ~~over~~ the
 down lies a green scar, along which the travellers came,
 with the pack horses, dressed in wool, not in skins,

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the common voice, singing out of doors. He has no house. He has a quick eye. connected, for the eye is a youthful sense, with ~~the~~ body, with colour, with substance, rather than with the mind. He lives a roving life, going from house to house, stopping oftener at the back door than at the front. He crosses the fields, mounts the hills, and lies down on the grassy road by the hawthorn to listen to the nightingale.

By choosing a view carefully to shut out a chimney or a bungalow we can still see what Anon saw-- the bird haunted reed whispering fen; the down covered with turf, and the scar long healed over the moor, over the down, along which Anon came when he made his journeys. He was for the most part a simple singer, lifting a song or a story from other peoples lips, and letting the country people join in the chorus. But now and again ~~he was a man of his own~~ ^{and} he made a few lines ^{himself} that exactly corresponded to his emotion. He was an artist.

But for him of course we have to wait until winter was
past.

Anon died round about 1477. It was the printed book with the authors name attached that killed him. [After that the audience was separate from the singer.] And with ^{Anon} him died that part of the song that the audience sang, the voice that supplied the story, filled in the pauses, and added sometimes a nonsensical chorus. After that the song was attached to the singer: ^{the singer was separate from the audience} Anon is Geoffrey, or John or Peter. He lives in a house ~~and has not many~~ had features of his own, ^{that is} had ~~many~~ features of his own and ~~above all~~ a past. ^{behind him} and looks back at the past. Time has drawn its blue veil over the horizon. ^{It looks back to over the forests & the flood} ~~He is a man of the past~~ Anon is dead; and the Canterbury pilgrim have gone their way. He ^{to take the first of the individual} -- as it happens he is called Harrison -- is the first of that long line of leisured and learned men who have time to think about the past in the quiet of the parsonage. He is a representative man, often repeated with little variation in other centuries. Like Cole, like Skinner Harrison the parson of Radwinter had a library; and dug up coins. ~~Wint is past and~~ ^{about} he already sees the present against a background. The past had become so settled, so ordered that the present looks ungainly and degenerate ~~behind it~~ against it. There is too much comfort; too many pillows too many chimneys. The young Shakespeares and Marlow are not the men their fathers were. The smoke drawn up by chimneys no longer salts and hardens them. They are tender and subject to rheumatism. Also, they dress most fantastically compared with their ancestors.

One can
see the
present when
there is
a past
behind it.

He looks to
see now that he
has a past he
can see the
present.

But the English past as seen by Harrison only

served to show up the material change--the change that had
 come over houses, furniture, clothing. There was no English
 literature to show up the change in the mind. There was no
 English ^{books} literature to prove the decline of English literature.
 The English language as the historian tells us had gone
 underground ^{into the lowest} for two centuries. Up stairs they talked French.
 English language had gone down stairs into the kitchen, into
 the farmyard. Anon had sung his song at the back door in a
 jargon that was as uncouth to Harrison as to ourselves.

Icham for woing al forwake,
 Wery no water in wore

An hendy hap ichabbe yghent;
 Ichot from hevene it is me sent

--- the words were as difficult for him to spell out as for
 ourselves. But they were more painful, for they reminded him
 of his lack of intellectual ancestry. His intellectual pedi-
 gree reaches back only to Chaucer, Lydgate, Wychillife.

In order to have ancestors he must cross the channel;

his ancestors by way of the mind are the Greeks and the
 Romans. His page is burdened, ~~not~~ with ^{probation} proofs of good breeding

Henricus Cornelius Agrippa; Suetonius; Pliny; Cicero---

he quotes them to prove his good breeding, as we, to prove
 ours, quote Chaucer, or Spenser or Sir Thomas Browne.

The Greeks and the Romans occupied the same place in his
 mind ^{the place} that the Elizabethans occupy in our own. The great books

that were chained to the shelves of college libraries were

written in the learned tongues. Only the learned and the

noble read them. "...our ancient ladies of the court" as

Harrison tells us, were to be found reading the Greeks and

learned

Latins as they sat at their needlework.

In the back ground then stood the marble busts of Greek and Romans, overpowering Chaucer, and Lydgate and Wycliffe. And in the foreground there is the house, no longer a hut made with branches, no longer thick with wood smoke. There is a pillow now, instead of the old log with a dip for the head to rest in; glass fills the windows, the ceilings are curiously worked; and the spoons and plates are of silver or pewter. Beyond the house there are ^{a few} roads, ~~with many inns~~ with great many rooms Inns at intervals. The roads lead to London; a fine city; and sometimes ~~harrison~~ ^{ing here & there} The roads lead all across England ^{sea} they lead to the channel; Great travellers there are who have crossed the channel and been to Rome to Palestine. But Harrison himself ~~is no traveller~~. Harrison has never been more than forty miles from Hadwinter; He tells us. He tells us that he has a garden; ^{that he} digs for coins; ^{that he} and owns a mastiff. The age of anonymity is over, ~~when we see the writer~~ tells us that.

"Winter is past".

Anon then has emerged from the forests and the floods. He has a dog and a garden; He has books; and he digs in the earth. ~~exhaustively~~ "Winter is past". He has a name, too, but his name is of no great moment. It may be Harrison; it may be ^{Thomas Hardy or Leavis} Paston; it may be Smith or Jennings. There is very little to him, save his name. He has no expression on his face. He conveys to us chiefly what he sees--England; ~~its emptiness, its scarcity, its need, its~~ its emptiness; ^{its few words} its scarcity of people; the predominance of individuals. The Queen is the predominant figure. He counts her possessions her ships; her palaces He watches her progresses from

along those few rutted and pitted roads to this great house or that. She is parliament, press, society, law, order. But the man who sees this is hard put to it to write describe what he sees. Writing is still an art that requires great ceremony. ~~It is~~ a painful and elaborate art.

What you make with the pen is separate from what you say with the tongue. Words are stiff and cumbersome and resist the efforts of the pen to shape them. Only a few years back words were written beautifully in lustrous ink upon valuable parchment, and the leaves bound together were chained to the shelf and read in great discomfort on arched necks in the cod. Even now when words are printed the great public is not the reader, or the paymaster. Written words must please a single man in the first place, ^{and win his patronage.} and the Harrisons volume is ceremoniously ~~tended~~ tendered to a Lord Conham in words as ornate as the carvings and decorations that shocked him in the fashionable Elizabethan house. For the book must find its way into the hall, into the great room where the nobles and the gentry have leisure to read ~~it~~ when they have ^{after the business & pleasure of the day & are} ~~hijmuted~~ when they have ordered their estates, when the night has come and the ladies are busied with their embroidery. It is written for the great who ^{like} ~~wish~~ to learn how their ancestors lived; and ^{to} ~~who~~ read aloud the exploits of their ancestors; or ^{want} ~~who~~ want a song to sing to their lutes and citherns.

The great Elizabethan house is still in existence, standing in its green island of park, separated often from the high road only by a dip in the ground and a low red wall. It is out of proportion now; either it is too large, or the village with its eighteenth nineteenth twentieth-century shops and villas is too small. With its conglomeration of roofs, chapels, chimneys it dwarfs its neighbours. Inside all is kept as if the Queen, Elizabeth, were expected. The ~~rooms~~ upright Elizabethan chairs stand round the walls. Their fringes and their tapestry are not much faded. The great oak tables are polished and heavy. The carved chests and cupboards look brand new. The floor is strewn with rugs; the windows curtained with red and green brocades; and cut glass chandeliers hang down from the ~~ceiling~~ the decorated plaster work of the ceiling. Even the toys and kicknacks have survived intact; and there is the varnished pear shaped lute upon which the Queen once played.

But where are the Elizabethans themselves? Human life has receded from this convoluted iridescent shell, upon which the sun of 1940 shines so brightly. The historians have ransacked their archives; their old chests; their writing table drawers, their muniment rooms. They have disinterred from the ^{their faded pages} fifteenth century the Pastons of Norfolk; the Betsons and the Paycockes of Essex. They have ^{made} proved that they fought; and bared; and loved; for they begot children. But it is a rudimentary life immured in silence. The shell is polished; something moves and stirs inside the polished shell. But it is the story of the

the Elizabethans. He turns away from the present. He does not hear Anon singing at the back door; he ignores the actors who were acting their crude dramas in the market place. Upstairs he says in the great room

*not Charles
not
Langford*

"our ancient ladies of the court" are to be found reading histories and chronicles, the Geeks and the Latins as they sit at their needlework. And the scholars were reading the classics that were chained to the shelves in the college libraries. Yet in spite of the printed book, the common people were still at their lewd practices.

The preacher, going his round on horseback, from village to village found them at it and raised his voice in anger. Latimer, "riding on a journey homeward from London" *Latimer* ~~in~~ about 1549 went to the Church to preach and found the door fast locked against him. *He more than lay on him* He waited; and at last "one of the parish came to me and said: Sir this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you, it is Robin hoods day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood." I was fain there to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my Rocjet would have been regarded, though I were not: but it would not serve, it was fain to give place to Robin hoods men. It is no laughing matter, my friends, it is a weeping matter, a heavy matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for gathering for Robin Hood, a Traitor, and a Thief, to put out a preacher...."

Latimer made war against the minstrels and the mummers. It was his voice that riddled the old superstitions with scorn. For he was no antiquary. He did not dig in his

^{why but a}
~~To~~ Latimer Robin Hood was a ~~thief~~^{thief} and ~~xxx~~ thief, ^{to Latham}
 and the peasants doing him honour were still blind with
 superstition. He himself had walked "in the shadow of death"
~~had known the darkness~~ till he was thirty.
 Then gentle Mr master Bilney at Cambridge had opened his
 eyes. Now they saw through the old popish parcaices, the
 old Pagan customs. ^{my law} He saw England itself at this moment
 in its reality. "The cry of the wormal is come up into my
 eares" he said. When he walked trying to read his book in
 the Archbishops of Canterburys garden there awas a knocking
 at the gate. And his ma came and said "Sir, there is one
 that would speak with ou." So he shut his book and went
 out among the poor; into the prisons, into the fields.
The cry "The workmen "Come up into my eares" he said
 He heard the "poor Labourrers, gun makers,
 Powdermen, Bow makers, arrowmakers, smiths, carpenters
 soliders and other crafts "cry ing that yhey were unpaid.
 The found the poor with out a goose or a pig for the
 great were enclosing the fields. He went to the great man
 and found him still in bed, after his hawking and
 his hutning, and the ha l full of poor suitors waiting to
 make their complaints. [As fot the Bishops, "they hawke, they
 huntm they carde, they dice, they pastime in their
 prelacies with gallant gentlemen, with their dancing
 minions, and with their fresh companions..."]
 He saw the curates in their velevet shoes and slippers
 "meet to dance themorris dance". He saw the fine ladies
 dressed in fa vardigalls with their hair puffedout
 in tuccosks ~~and~~ French goods. He saw the yo ng men,

no longer shot ing with the long bow, as his father had taught him to shoot, but bowling, drinkingl whoring. And inh in the streets of London he saw the harlot going to ec execution, making merry as she went and crying, "that if good fellows had kept touch with her, she had not bin at this time in that case." He noted the smell of rotting bodies un the churchyard at St Pauls and foretold plague to come. And in every village he found the peasants going on pilgrimages, setting up candles, worshipping pgs bones, and follwing Robin Hood. How should they know better when the re was no preaching in the pulpits, when the words they heard were in a tongue they could not understand?

So he went about England preaching in English, no matter if he preached on horseback or stood under a tree. It did not matter either if he spoke to the King in person. or preaching to the King in person. He did not moderate his words. He spoke to the King himself in a voice that stumbles, that repeats, that loses the thread of its argument; no matter, he will bring before the King the real state of ~~Engal~~ England as it ~~appeared to him~~ ^{he} will unbelil, show up, speak the truth, even if it brings him to the faggot as it brought his master, the gentle Mr Bilney. " who was for ever visitng risoners and sick folk." There is only a short pace left him before he too will stand outside the Bocardo at ^Uxford and feel the flames on his own flesh. So he pours out his anger; So he lights up the state of England with his

- one can almost hear
the first strike
the pulpit -

~~He~~ speaks in a voice that stumbles, that uses the plain language of the farm from which he sprang, but it is the voice of of reason, of huamity, of common sense. ~~He~~ will tell the truth, even if it brings him as it brought the gentle Master Bilney to the faggot. ~~He~~ is aware that he has only a short time in which to state his case--which is the case and there is of the poor, of the ~~There~~ is an urgency in his preaching ~~which~~ so ~~that~~ it It is not a learned voice; it is not a curtly voice; it is the voice of a plain man, whose ~~bringing before the people~~ tearing down supersition, a voice that does not issues from a before he too goes to join Master Bilney at the faggot. And yet for all his urgency, his severity, he is a man of flesh and blood. ~~He~~ cracks his joke. He tells his story. ~~He~~ is a man of the people, with a love of shotting, with a respect for the gentry. But he sees, as the courteir cannot as the poor cannot, what supersition and ignorance are rife in the land. It is for light and learning that he cries. Give the money, he implores that used to be spent on pilgirmage maters, in trentalls and masses in purgatory matters" to poor mens sons so thatthey may become scholars. "There be now none but great mens sons in college" "It will come tp pass there ~~that~~ we shall have nothing but a little English divinity, that will bring the realm into a very barbarousness, and utter decay of learning." ~~And~~ And while th peasnts are starving, and continuing their gross supe stitions, ^{he has many who} the gr at house is rising. "All the affection of men now adays is in building gay

a people, a man of
 humor, 91

It has a curious
 human sympathy
 for the human

and sumptuous houses, it is in setting up and pulling down, and never have they done building."

^{But} Yet ironically enough, the preacher who was for banishing Robin Hood and other such papish superstitions was forging the very weapon that gave the old misntersl a new lease of life. When he spoke English in the pulpit, when he said the Lords paryer in Englisg, he was putting English into high places. He was rescuing it from the jugglers and the bear leaders at the back door. He was giving the poets a language which was to bring all see the mu mers acting on th stage. the English crowding to the stage.

Latimer and arrison

Both ~~Hark~~ ~~Latimer~~ ~~arrison~~ the preacher and the

chronicler saw the great hous rising on the ruins of

old. ~~Bathmore~~ ~~each~~ in his own way deno nced the

at highway, it is in the way.

gay and sumptuous house. ^{here} It is there still, standing in

its green island of park, separated often from the high road

only by a dip in the ground and a low red wall. It dwarfs its

neighbours now! It looks incongruous, standing among the

bungalows and the shops. With its conglomeration of chimneys

chapels roofs it looks out of porportion, starmded, derelict.

Inside all is kept as if Queen Elizabeth were still

expected. The p right Elizabthan chairs stand round the q

walls. Their ftinges and tapestries are not much faded.

The great oak tables are heavy and polished. The carved

cupboards and chests look ba nd new. Cut glass chandeliers

hang down from th decorated plaster work on th celing.

Even the k cki knacks have survibed--; the inlaid work box,

the pear shaped lute on which the Queen herself once played. Their furniture remains; stiff, ornate, fanatstic and uncushioned. There are the very "vardigalls" that roused the preachers wrath. But the Elizabethans themselves are silent.

My in We cannot hear them talking because ^{that} ~~it is~~ to the rhym of the Bible that they write their familiar prose. There is ~~therefore~~ no little language; no warmth, no gaiety, nothing brief, intimate, colloquial, ~~about them.~~

When Lady An Bacon writes to her son she is a preacher addressing a subordinate. Fear of God and fear of man surround her as with the walls of a dungeon. She admonishes ~~she~~ exhorts. The actual object-- a basket of strawberries is approached circuitously ceremonieously. Greek and Latin come as easily to her pen as a French phrase comes to ours.

My She wraps herself about in a cumbrous garment when she tries to tal. Then again we cannot hear the rough English voice that they heard at the back door. the voi of the mummer and the minstrel. Nor can we see the paths that led to the well and the tree. Robin Hood is gone with all his merry men. ~~This~~ ^{the} The gay and sumptuous house that was ~~Calatimer~~ full of oaths and coarseness and also of learning, of courtrsey, is an isolated house;

a house full of furniture and finery but without inhabitants.

Bright contrasted colours meet on ther faces; scarlet and snow; enby and gold; but there is no natual connection, no common complexion.

The writer then must be a poet. --the writer who is

The writer, who is distinct from the minstrel, whose words are printed in a book with his name to it, must be a poet. For when familiar letters are written in Biblical prose, there is a limit to what can be put into words. There is a barrier between the sayable and the unsayable. If he cannot talk, he must sing. But though at the beginning of the sixteenth century the printing press has given the poet a name, he is still unspecialised. He is not wholly writer, wholly musician or wholly painter. It seems possible that the great English art may not be the art of words. He sees acutely what is before him without shadow; ⁱⁿ ^{of effect:} his ear is stimulated by the tones of words spoken aloud. He must make words sonorous, rhythm obvious, since they are to ^{be} out in company. "I spent most of my time" wrote Lady Ann Clifford "in playing at Glecko and hearing Moll Neville read the Arcadia... Rivers used to read to me in Montaignes Essays and Moll Neville in the Faery Queen." Further, words must move easily to the lilt of the singing voice, to the sound of lute and virginals. The English sang their songs then, or played them. When London was burning Pepys noted that "hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in it, but there was a pair of virginals in it." Music moved beneath the words. No grammar bound them tightly together. They could be read aloud; danced to or sung to; but they could not

follow the pace of the speaking voice. They could not enter into the private world.

Spenser then-- a little man with short hair, a small band and cuffs" standing on the threshold of the "gay and sumptuous house" at Penshurst was separate from from the minstrel; from the chronicler; and separate from his audience. They no longer joined in the song and added their own verses to the poem. But the book that had given him a separate existence had brought into being a little group of readers. ~~That audience at once began to exert its~~ ~~pressure~~ It had to find its way into the great room where the gentry sat at leisure when they had hunted and hawked and done the business of their estates. That audience at once began to exert its pressure. What is the book that will please my patron Sir Philip Sidney? What is the theme that will recommend itself to the Queen? Whom must I praise, whom may I satirise? At once come into existence some of those innumerable influences that are to tug, to distort, to thwart; as also they are to stimulate and draw out. The poet is no longer a nameless wandering voice, but attached to his audience. tethered to one spot and played upon by outside influences. Some are visible to himself only; others show themselves only when time has past. As the book goes out into a larger, a more varied audience these influences become more and more complex. According to its wealth, its poverty, its education, its ignorance, the public demands what satisfies its own need--poetry, history, instruction, a story to make them forget the

their own drab lives. The thing that the writer has to say becomes increasingly cumbered. It is only to be discovered in a flash of recognition-- Thus some say that their beards bristle when they hear it; others that a thrill runs down the nerves of the thigh. To disengage the song from the effect of the audience becomes as time goes on a task for the critic-- that specially equipped taster who was not yet in existence when the "aery Queen emerged from the depths of anonymity.

Those depths, ~~that~~ those long years of anonymous minstrelsy, folk song, legend and words that had no name attached to them, lay behind him. He was conscious of them. "For why a Gods name " he exclaimed " "may not we, as else the Greeks, have the kingdom of our own language...." ? He was word conscious; an artist; aware of his medium; that words are not paint, nor music; but have their possibilities; their limitations. To be thus aware the writer must have a past behind him. To Spenser the golden age was Chaucers. "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled..." He trusted that " the infusion sweet Of thine own ~~spirit~~ spirit which doth in me survive" might help him. He looks back to Chaucer; he descends from Chaucer. It was Chaucer who gave him the standard by which to measure his own words. But where the modern writer attacks the actual work of some one of the generation that has just gone, making that book the starting point in another direction, Spensers revolt was against no particular writer-- who was there writing English except

Cahicer?-- but agianst the language itself, its decay, since Chaucer, its corruption. Perhaps Chaucers crudity served as an antidote to his own facility. Perhaps too he used th carbbed old words, not as we now might revert to them to ^{but}bring back sharpness ^{which} where much use has worn words smooth; but to restrain what was to come. He was, as we cannot be, aware of the future. Ev rywhere, in ballds, in talk at the tavern, at gthe back door, he must have heard something rising, bursting up, from benaeth. "as it partly to restrain the coming insurrection that he looked back to the Caterbury Pilgrims?

As to the happen,
it was the
abstraction of
the what is
opposed, that
drew Spenser
to Chaucer.

There is that
For there was ~~no~~ other connection between the "aery
Queen and the Canterbury ^{let us this}tales. ~~Chaucer is a sharp~~
~~maxim, a definite~~ The one is clae sharp definite;
the other sensuous, sinuous, daalying. The one is direct,
about this real man, this real woman, here and now.
the other wanders through time which is neither past nor
present, throu nlands that are neither known nor unknowon.
Unlike Mallory, he has c ased to belive in ginats.
The faith that the nobles had in 1470 has tunred to ^{in the real Spenser's father}
scepticism. His poem lacks the reality ^{some} of the Wrote A
DArthur. ^{man making a choice in the} Mallory too was ehind him. But the faith
that the old nobles had in the reality of King Arthus has
turned to scepticism. } Where "alory sees directly Spenser sees
at a distance. He sees Knights and ladies with regret, with
dseire, but not with belief. There is nos sharpness in
his figures; no edge; no angusih; no sin; no On the other
hand he shows us as "alory cannot the world surrounding them.
He realis s time and change. And looking back, from a

distance he sees them pictorially; grouped, like the figures in a fresco, with the flowers growing at their feet, behind them marble pillars, trees with bright birds, and the libbard and the lion roaming or couchant. There is no tension; no direction; but always movement, as the metre flings its curve of sound, to break, like a wave on the same place, and like a wave to withdraw, to fill again. Folded in this intonation we drowse and and sleep; ~~but always~~ yet always see through the waters, ^{unrealised} something ~~illumined~~ lit up.

Spenser standing on the threshold of the great house is half in shadow, half in light, ~~and~~ Half is still unrealised ^{for} He cannot confine emotions within ^{body} one body. He must symbolise, exteriorise. Jealous is not a passion to issue on actual lips. He must float it outwards; make it abstract; give it a symbolical shape. He cannot speak through the mouths of individuals. The body containing within itself all the passions is still sunk in shadow. But the other half of him is in the light. He is aware of his art as Chaucer was not, nor Langland, nor Malory. His is no longer a wandering voice, but the voice of a man practising an art, asking for recognition, and bitterly conscious of his ^{relation} separation from the world, of the world's scorn.

Had the poet remained in the great room, proffering his book to the little group of readers, English poetry might have remained book poetry, read aloud; ^{a recollection; a reflection} something ~~read aloud~~ heard by the leisured listening in the great room to a voice reading aloud. But there was the other voice; the voice at the back door. Spenser had heard it. He recalled the voice of "minstrels making goodly merriment With wanton bards and erhyjers impudent." ^{he had been, it} is said, at the pageant at Kenilworth when, to amuse the Queen, ^{and had used the play to suggest a Confession} an old story was staged. He had seen "the player dressed in green", the --the old play that the peasants acted when spring came and to placate the earth, the mummer hung himself with green leaves.

Like other great people
the Queen must have
her diversion.

~~xxxxxx~~ ^{But English were coming to court.} The Queen must have her minstrel. ~~xxxxxx~~ Whenever the Queen went to the great house, ^{in which} the minstrels acted before her. Ironically enough, the preacher who was for banishing Robin Hood and such ~~mummings~~, had himself forged the very weapon that gave the old minstrels a new lease of life. When Latimer said the Lords praer in English at the beginning and end of his sermons he was putting English into high places. He was rescuing it from the back door. He was teaching the nobles and the peasants to use ^{upset} their mother tongue. He was making that alliance between the nobles and the peasants that was necessary were they to come together in the playhouse. And already, even while the old mummers came before the Queen, dressed in leaves at Kenilworth, the house was being built which was to give the minstrel a lodging; which was to give him a name. a ^{centre}

and the peasnts to respect their mother tongue. He was making it possible for the gentry and the commons to sit together in one house listening to a play.

For the wandering minstrels, driven from the Church, now taking up their pitch in the market place or in the yard of an Inn had by 1576 somehow possssed themselves of a house. It was *a new way known by the name of the Rose* In 1591 the playhouse in Southwark needed rebuilding. Plaks and nails and hinges and timber were brought to the Rose. Crrpentrs and painters were hired. and the s ms spent on the rebuilding were entered at last by Hensloew in his vellum covered book. It was a wooden house, part open to the air, part thatched. It stood in Southwark, next the the Barge the Bell and the Cock "recongised stews." The Bankside was infested with hogs. The contrast between town and countru, judging by Nordens map, was sharp. There, in one fretted mass of spires and little stretts, lay the City. But gras fileds rose behind it. From Southwark there w s a view of open country. Fields and hills came close down to the stews on the Bankside. And the Bankside was infested with hogs.

The house accroding to Dr Greg, could gold three thousnad people. Most paid one penny to stand in the open; twopence secured a seat; sixpence was the price of a seat under cover. The audience came flicking across the roiver. For what other amusment was there, a contemporary asked, of an afternoon for the "numbers of captains and soliders about London"? Only the amusments that the preachers so furiously denounced; carding, dicing, gaming, the following of harlots and drink. The common people came from the

They came
in defiance
by persuasion
& magnificence

overt the river from the crowded festering little
streets round St Pauls, where the dead bodies smelt so strong
They came in such numbers that the watermen lived on their
fares. The flag flew; the trumpets sounded, and at about
half past two in the afternoon, the audience crowded into
the playhouse. In cloud or in sun shine they saw
actors issue from the doors, richly dressed in the taffetas
and tinsels, in the satin doublets and hose laid thick
with gold lace that Bensloew entered in his book. or,

according to one spectator, dressed in the cast off robes
of the nobles sold by their servants. They were splendidly
dressed. But there was no scenery. The sun beat or the rain
poured upon the common people standing in the yard.

King

Then the actor spoke:

Brother Cosore, I find myself aggrieved,
Yet insufficient to express the same;
For it requireth a great and thundering speech
At last one man speaks in his own person. The wandering voices
are collected, embodied. There is no abstraction any longer.
All is visible, audible tangible in the light of the present
moment. The world takes shape behind him. Egypt and Libya
and Persia and Greece rise up. Kings and Emperors
stride forth. Like great moths shaking their wings still
damp and creased they unfold the great sentences, the absurd
hyperboles.

The spring is withered by your smothering host,
For neither rain can fall upon the earth
No sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

The utmost stretch of words can scarcely give body to this
 vast universe that is struggling into ~~existence~~ being.
 Words mount; pile on top of each other; over balance and
 tumble. Great names clash their cymbals. If, blown on by this
 pressure, the poet veers aside

So poets say my lord

And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet

he is urged on. There is no pause, no shade. Armies trample;
 horses neigh; Battles are fought. Blood flows. Over all
 the Gods are seated on their thrones. The Gods will exact
 tribute. Meanwhile let us boast:

Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
 The wondrous architecture of the world,
 And measure very wandering planets course,
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
 And always moving as the restless spheres,
 Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest...

The suddenly the triumph parts asunder;
 the poet changes his tune

What is beauty, saith my sufferings then?

If all the pens that ever poets held,

Had fed the feelings of their masters thoughts.....

If these had made one poems period,

And all combined in beautys ~~worthiness~~ worthiness,

Yet should there hover in their restless heads

One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,

Which into words no virtue can digest.

The spring is hindered by your smothering host,
 For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
 Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
 The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

Chaos The utmost stretch of words can scarcely give
 body to the this vast universe that is struggling into
 being. Words mount; pile on top of each.

other. ~~and~~ great names clash and rebound. And
 If
 And under the stress and pressure of this excitement,
 the poet can ^{from hand} veer aside; ^{with that}

So poets say my lord,

/he hgt And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet--
 he must press on.
 this interjection cuts deep. ~~Could he stop,~~ it would cut
 deeper. But there is no pause, no shade. The armies trample;
 horses neigh; Battles are fought; Blood flows. Yet over this
 multitudinous splendour broods tragedy. The Gods are
 on their thrones. ~~Thence is the~~ The Gods will exact
 tribute. But let us triumph and boast:

Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
 The wondrous architecture of the world,
 And measure every wandering planet's course,
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
 And always moving as the restless spheres,
 Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest....
^{ludely}
 Then, the boast and the triumph part asunder; and the poet
 changes his note:

What is beauty saith my sufferings, then?

If all the pens that ever poets held

Had fed the feelings of their masters' thoughts

.....

If these had made one poems period,

And all combined in beautys worthiness,

Yet should there hover in their restless heads

One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,

Which into words no virtue can digest.

remember the mind slides one point - it's all with you
 Lovely as the words are, they break the current, *as*

or is there in
 The poet has separated himself from the ~~breath~~ of the
of the mind, beauty, in appearance,
 audience. ~~It is impossible that~~ He cannot as yet

make use of his charactres; he takes leave of them when he

For the play is
 speaks thus. The ~~audience~~ play is still partly the work of
 the undifferentaited audience. It is insored by the common

voice, demanding great names; great deeds and simple outlines

not the single suntely one one soul. *He has not*
inferred the action to that man can say anything
appropriately. He has it in him to say.

Man is a fool at his heart & his mind. He is a fool at his heart & his mind.

Somehow, lovely as they are, the words break the current.

To speak them the poet has separated himself from his actors. He cannot as yet, ^{that when I was 75 years} make use of them to speak certain thoughts. The play is still mainly the work of the undifferentiated audience, demanding great names; great deeds; simple outlines, and not the single subtlety of one soul. *Man is a fool at his heart.*

The play.

Tamburlaine was anonymous. That fact is by itself enough to show how largely the play was a common product, written by one hand, but so moulded in transition from the written to the spoken that the author had no sense of property in it. It was half the work of the audience; *But* yet the audience is dumb. That silence is one of the deep gulfs that lies between us and the Elizabethan play.

Fifteen hundred people, Dr Gerg says, heard ~~and~~ went to the play, for the most part, presumably, in the penny part of the house. And ~~these~~ ^{the} presence of these apprentices, soldiers and citizens is obvious. It draws up the extravagance the hyperbole as a sheet of paper draws up a fire. It causes that glow that speed that audacity which make the writer capable of great strides and vast audacities beyond his private reach. Yet the audience says nothing. It makes no comment. It sits silent.

To understand that silence we must compare it

with their own attitude say at the "Indian" ballet
 or at the time in their early days. A new art comes upon us
 so suddenly, so surprisingly that we are silent,
 recognising some thing true, which we cannot measure.

To the Elizabethans, after the long silence of England,
 the power of words to say what was in them must have been
 overwhelming. After ages of scattered hints, a few
 wild songs, here and there a chronicle or a history, they
 suddenly came out into the open and saw human life as it is
 at this moment. They saw themselves. It is a curious inversion—
 We see realise the blood flesh and blood of the Elizabethans
 because we see it in the reflected in the drama.

We neither see nor hear them in person; we see and hear
 them in the reflection. But if the audience sat silent
 as they saw themselves there on the stage between the
 stews, they saw themselves with rapture. Again and again
 the Lord Mayor protested against the intoxication
 that was brewed in the Playhouse. The attraction was
 irresistible. There at the Rose, at the Globe at the Fortune
 men and women who had never seen themselves yet, whose only
 reading was history or sermons, or some old chronicle of
 Knights and ladies, and perhaps could not even read,
 but spent all their days struggling, loving, chaeting,
 burrowing in the little festering streets round St Pauls,
 saw their very own lives composed, adored, and heard at
 last their dreams their aspirations their satires their
 profanities spoken out loud in poetry.

The play then owes its extravagance, and its riot,
 and its plot and its glow to the audience in the penny seats.